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LAUNCH OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIP TRAFALGAR, AT WOOLWICH.

A SHIP has been well characterized as "a great achievement of man—the most complicated, most perfect, and the sublimest of all the works of art. If it be well said that man is the noblest work of God, it may with equal truth be asserted that the ship is the noblest work of man. Our language has, indeed, done well in awarding to her the honour of personification. It were a vain task to attempt enumerating the various geometrical problems involved in her design, or the multiplied mechanical principles combined in her construction. Let us only, forgetting all we know, endeavour to realize the immeasurable distance and difficulties between the trees growing in the forest, the iron and copper buried in the bowels of the earth, the hemp and flax waving in the fields, the tar sealed up in its timber, and the actual achievement of the sailing ship! Yet a very short time suffices to transform these rude productions into the magnificent machine, which, notwithstanding its mountain form, obeys each command of the mariner; goes from the wind, towards it, halts, or redoubles its velocity, obedient to his voice; in which he launches forth amidst the horrors of a troubled ocean; braves them successfully; conducted by the inspirations of a sublime philosophy, attains the most distant shores; accomplishes his purposes, and returns enriched, enlightened, and triumphant to his home."

The launch of the ship, when on its solid keel has been reared

"a frame,
Enduring, beautiful, magnificent"—

is the triumph of the builder. Among the ancients, a launch was ever an occasion of great festivity. The mariners were crowned with wreaths, and the ship bedecked with streamers and garlands. Safely afloat, she was purified with a lighted torch, an egg, and brimstone, and solemnly consecrated to the god whose image she bore. In our less poetic times, there is no lack of feasting and merriment; though, instead of the torch, the egg, and the brimstone, a bottle of wine or spirits is broken over the head of the emblem; still, perchance, the image of father Neptune or Apollo. Such a scene—the launch of H. M. S. *Trafalgar*, at Woolwich, on June 21, 1841, we are about to detail to the reader on the launch of a new volume of our Miscellany.

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The keel of the *Trafalgar*, a first-rate of 120 guns, was laid in the royal Dockyard at Woolwich, about ten years since. Of the cause of the delay in her building, we are not precisely informed; but it is satisfactory to know that, being completed, her construction is a triumph of naval architecture, of stupendous size, but elegant proportions, and affording another convincing proof of the superiority of British ship-building, notwithstanding all the clamour that has been raised of late by interested alarmists about the neglect of "Britain's best bulwarks." This magnificent ship was constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Oliver Lang; and her progress has been, for a long time past, an object of curiosity to all visitors to the Dockyard.

The day chosen for this truly national spectacle was "the longest day," and may it be propitious to Britain's maintenance of "the sovereignty of the seas." It was likewise the anniversary of the proclamation of her Majesty, who graced with her presence the impressive ceremonial. The name of *Trafalgar*, too, prompted many proud recollections of British glory and dearly-bought fame, and not a little enhanced the interesting associations of the scene.

These circumstances raised, in the parlance of the day, "an extraordinary excitement" in the metropolis, to witness the launch at Woolwich. Thither, from day-break, London poured forth her countless thousands by steam-boat, railway, and the less scientific means of locomotion. At the termini of the Greenwich and Blackwall railways, the trains were of Alexandrine length; from the steam-boat wharves, it is stated that upwards of forty steamers were freighted with human beings, as densely packed as any slave cargo: indeed, by land and by water, it seemed to be an universal "emancipation-day." The turnpike-road, from the metropolis to Woolwich, presented throughout a holiday appearance: Greenwich wore a carnival air, and in the centre of the town was a "triumphal arch" of branches of trees, interspersed with evergreens, flowers, and emblems of plenty, inscribed with a true English welcome to the Queen and her Royal Consort, not forgetting her Majesty's Ministers. By this road came the royal party in travelling carriages: they were received throughout with that anxious

buzz of enthusiasm, which, of late, appears to have superseded boisterous applause; and in returning, her Majesty, having descended from her carriage, walked beneath the arch—a graceful appreciation of the people's affection which called forth their loudest demonstrations of joy.

As you neared the focus of attraction, the interest increased in intensity. The *pas* from Greenwich to Woolwich was one unbroken stream of horses and carriages and foot passengers; a fine breeze blew up clouds of dust, and everybody soon bore evidence of the chalk formation of the country. The Charlton hills, in the rear of the Dockyard, were crowned with spectators, each of whom paid 4d. for their elevated position, and “a splendid view” of the day's spectacle.

In the Dockyard, the accommodations were very complete. The nucleus was, of course, the stupendous vessel itself, at the head and on each side of which were erected galleries for spectators; and close under the starboard quarter was the box or stand prepared for her Majesty, upon which floated, in right royal pride, the standard of the empire. The building under which the vessel was constructed was also decorated with standards, and a royal crown placed over the inside of the door, with a profusion of union jacks, and a flag with the arms of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The stages, platforms, and galleries throughout the yard, (many on the roofs of sheds and houses,) were covered with various coloured bunting; whilst from many an apex waved a gay flag; that upon the stupendous shears was of corresponding dimensions. Altogether, about 3000 persons were provided with seats in the Dockyard; and not the least interesting regulation was the allotment of a certain space for the workmen employed in her Majesty's service, and their families.

The river presented an equally animated scene. To the right were the graceful vessels of the Thames Yacht Club, dressed in their gayest colours; the Admiralty yachts and steamers, and a flotilla of public steamers and private craft, were anchored in the front, and crowded with spectators; and not only on the decks and bulwarks, but in the riggings, hanging on by the ratlines, and perched upon every yard-arm and cross-tree, half hidden by the bright waving colours. These vessels were so arranged, that the smaller ones being placed adjoining the launch, and the large ones rising behind, as in the pit of a theatre, all the spectators had an equal opportunity of witnessing the ceremony. The banks right and left of the Dockyard were also crowded; and, for a mile and a half the opposite or Essex coast was blackened with persons; whilst the river itself was thickly studded with vessels and boats of every description.

The plan of mooring the vessels, laying down buoys, &c., by Capt. P. Hornby and Mr. Tinnmouth, was very judicious; and the harbour-master of Greenwich, who has witnessed the launches and water processions during the last 20 years, does not recollect so well regulated a scene.

Before one o'clock, the galleries and seats were filled, and the *coup d'ail* was extremely splendid: in the centre lay the stupendous yet elegantly proportioned ship; her lofty decks were crowded with persons, diminishing almost to dwarfish size to those who were gazing up from below; and busy heads peered from every port-hole. On all sides, nearly to the height of the bulwarks of the ship, rose the galleries, filled with brilliantly dressed ladies, and naval and military officers in rich uniforms. At half-past one, the Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta, of Cambridge, arrived, and passed to their seat opposite the royal stand, east of the stern of the vessel.

At two o'clock, a royal salute, fired at the mortar and howitzer battery, announced the arrival of the Royal party. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were received by Lord Minto and Sir Charles Adam, Lords of the Admiralty; the Officers of the Dockyard; Lieut.-Gen. Lord Bloomfield and his staff; the gentlemen cadets forming a guard of honour, and the bands playing “God save the Queen.” On her Majesty and the Prince reaching their Stand, the shouts were echoed from shore to shore; and the Queen was observed to be affected even to tears at these demonstrations of attachment. The tide being not yet sufficiently high to admit of the launch, her Majesty, conducted by Lord Minto, and accompanied by Prince Albert, and the superior officers of the Arsenal, proceeded to view the vessel, by passing round the Dock, and surveying her on all sides; after which they returned to their post.

The arrangement for “the Christening” was now completed. In the morning, the authorities of the Dockyard received from the Countess Nelson a bottle of wine, a relic of the stock which Lord Nelson had on board the *Victory*, at the battle of Trafalgar; upon learning which the Queen sent Sir Charles Adam to desire Lady Bridport, niece of the gallant Nelson, to perform the ceremony. At half-past two, a salute announced that the launch was about to take place; and the bottle of wine was broken on the bows of the magnificent ship, which now received the name of “*Trafalgar*.” Crowded upon the poop were 100 of the veteran survivors of the battle of Trafalgar, commanded by Lieut. Rivers, besides about 400 other persons; all of whom joined in one shout of enthusiasm, as the last bolt was withdrawn, and amidst

the acclamations of the multitude, the crash of bands, and the thunder of cannon, the majestic ship descended into the stream; the union jack being simultaneously hoisted at her stern by Capt. T. Leigh, of the crew of the *Conquios*, one of the ships of Nelson's squadron; and the still flowing tide swinging the stern of the *Trafalgar* round up the river, and opening her broadsides to the full view of the spectators on both shores. At about 150 yards distance, the anchor was dropped, and the vessel was brought up in beautiful style. Her immense size could now be distinctly seen, especially as she was surrounded by steamers and small craft.

This was, indeed, in the familiar words of a by-stander, "a lovely launch;" nothing could exceed the ease with which the vessel slipped off the ways into the water: there was no unsteadiness, and the swell was comparatively trifling; whilst the stupendous mass seemed as easily checked and controlled. In no part of her timbers did she yield three quarters of an inch—a nicety stated to be unparalleled in ship-building; many frigates, and even smaller vessels having yielded eight or nine inches on such occasions, as ascertained by the plans usually adopted to test their strain.

The following technical description of this majestic ship has appeared in the *United Service Gazette*:

"She is a perfect man-of-war; has good space between her ports on every deck, clear of hanging chocks to the beams against the side, having no projections or obstructions in the way of fighting the guns; has great space on her orlop deck, the beams being continued all fore and aft, with a good flush three-inch flat, presenting at her sides a strong trussed figure, beautifully arranged with wood and iron, each standing in a different direction, the materials being so distributed as to give the greatest strength to the fabric; and, having no wing-pillars nor officers' store-rooms, as formerly, gives a spacious accommodation for taking troops in time of war, or an opportunity of messing her crew, keeping her guns on the lower deck clear and ready for action. This deck can be lighted by tube scuttles through the side between the beams of the gun-deck, giving ventilation for the benefit of the health of the crew, in addition to light, similar to a frigate's lower deck. The trussed figure is continued below in the hold throughout with strengthening pieces on the floor-heads, the size of the keelson, in the same direction, all fore and aft, instead of the old cross or thwartship riders formerly used in the ceiling, and the diagonal trussing being better distributed, not only adds considerable strength to the vessel, but greatly increases her stowage. The wings, which were formerly on the orlop, are now in the hold at the sides, which affords an opportunity of stopping a shot hole seven feet lower under water, and causes a circulation of air round the ship's side in the hold, which was never obtained before. Her main powder magazine is designed in midships, with platforms in the hold for store-rooms, and a grating platform in midships for the hempen cables and a third tier of tanks, which keeps them in a position to allow of every one being used without removing any from their places, as well as increasing the stowage of water. The shot-lockers are taken away from the well, and shot-racks are fitted at the sides of the ship, by which the shot are placed single all round on both sides, keeping them free

from corrosion, and always ready when required for action, and that immense weight removed from pressing down the vessel at the mainmast. She is fitted with safety-keels, which add much to the strength of the ship as well as her preservation from shipwreck, should she get on shore; the keels may be carried away and the safety of the ship not endangered. She is built with a strong internal round stern, well adapted for fighting her guns, and externally a square stern, presenting a perfect and pleasing appearance, although unadorned with carved work, preserving the form and beauty of the ship without depriving her of the advantage of fighting her guns. The top sides are clear of any projection, no trunks being required to carry off the water over the sides from the several decks as formerly, each deck being delivered of its water by pipes leading into the common gun-deck scupper, by which the water is passed overboard, thus preserving the side from decay and preventing the necessity of cutting scupper-holes in each deck. The head may be fitted with a copper pipe at the side of the stem, instead of the disagreeable appearance of wooden trunks, as usually fitted in men-of-war, which will keep the head perfectly clean; and the pipe so fitted cannot be displaced by any accident. The rudder is fitted very securely, and so remarkably safe that it could not be easily carried away as formerly; even if all the pintles were broken off, the rudder would keep in its place and work on the braces, (an instance of this occurred to the *Flover* when in the West Indies.) The *Trafalgar* has an iron flange on the rudderhead with three holes to receive an iron pawl-pin, by which the rudder can be secured in midships or on either quarter, and the ship laid-to in case of accident to the tiller. She has pipes in her quarter galleries conducting the water from every stool, similar to internal scuppers, thus conveying the water from every stool by one hole only. The dead lights in the stern are made to slide behind the blank sash, so as to be always ready for closing in an instant if required, saving the difficulty of hanging them over the stern, as usually done in square stern ships. Tube scuttles are designed to be fitted in the ship's sides on the lower deck for light and air, over the seamen's mess-tables, when the guns are housed and the ports closed in bad weather. Her sides are more substantial than usual, in consequence of there being no chocks under the beams; the inside stuff is thicker and more capable of resisting an enemy's shot than the old sides were, and the chocks being taken away, the danger of splinters is removed. Her dimensions are as follow:

	ft.	in.
Length on gun deck	205	6
Length of keel for tonnage ..	170	8
Breadth, extreme	55	7½
Breadth for tonnage	54	0½
Breadth, moulded	53	1½
Depth in hold	25	2

Burden in tons, 3,731 20-94."

Her Majesty remained some time at the front of the Royal stand, gazing upon the glorious ship; after which, accompanied by the Prince and their suites, the whole party left for Buckingham Palace amidst the usual military honours. The multitudes, on land and water dispersed without a single accident; although it is calculated there were not fewer than 300,000 persons to witness this soul-stirring spectacle.

Next day, at ten minutes before two, the *Trafalgar*, with the Royal standard, the Admiralty, and other flags waving in her as at her launch, was towed down the river, and arrived at Sheerness at eight o'clock in the evening.

THE ROYAL BARDS OF BRITAIN.

SINCE "the last words of David, the son of Jesse—the man who was raised up on high—the sweet singer of Israel," seldom has the inspiration of the Muses visited a crowned head. For the most part, if any latent spark of poesy existed, it has been utterly quenched by the cares of state, the troubles of grandeur, or perhaps the freedom from that necessity, which in many is the chief incitement to their pens. Some, however, there have been, in different ages and in different countries, who have occasionally laid aside the sceptre for the pen, and poured the feelings of royalty through a channel of the Castalian fountain. It will be sufficient here to notice the royal poets of our own island, some of whom, without arriving at a very high degree of fame, have produced poems not unworthy of the name; while the effusions of others derive their whole interest from their royal extraction.

The illustrious *Alfred*, whose well-known love of literature was evinced by his establishing the University of Oxford, is known to have composed and translated poems; but their obsolete language and the want of a proper translation render it impossible to give any specimen of his talents in this way. Among his writings is said to be an Anglo-Saxon version of the Fables of *Æsop*.

The next name in the royal catalogue is no other than *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, a name certainly far better known for the labours of his sword than for those of his pen; yet, an old French bard (as translated in *Warton's History of Poetry*) says of him:

"Stanzas he trimly could invent
Upon the eyes of ladies gent."

And a short poem in old French is given in *Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors*, as written by *Richard* during his captivity; in which he remonstrates with his subjects and friends for suffering him to remain so long a prisoner.

The unhappy *Edward the Second* is supposed by *Walpole* to have acquired the reputation of an author without having any proofs of his claims to it; but *Thomas Heywood*, in his *Life of Ambrosius Merlin*, 1651, says, that in his time many of his penitential fancies were still extant, and among the rest this following:—

"Most blessed Jesu,
Root of all vertue,
Grant I may thee sue,
In all humilitie;
Sen thou for our good,
List to shed thy blood,
And stretch thee on the rood
For our iniquitie;
I thee beseech,
Most wholesome leech,
That thou wilt seech
For mee such grace,

That when my body vile
My soul shall exile,
Thou bring in short while,
It in rest and peace."

The authenticity of this hymn, written while *Edward* was in confinement at *Berkeley Castle*, cannot easily be established; but it is not likely to be a forgery of *Heywood's*, as the poetry, whatever the reader may think of it, is at any rate superior to the translations of "*Merlin's Prophecies*," by *Heywood*, in the same book.

Among our royal bards we must not omit two kings of Scotland—viz., the First and Fifth *James*. *James the First*, (who spent a great part of his life in England, where he was kept in confinement by *Henry IV.*) while a prisoner in *Windsor Castle*, composed "the *King's Quhair*," in which he thus beautifully addresses his lady-love:

"Ah, swete! are ye a waridly creature,
Or hevilyng thing in likeness of nature?
Or ar ye Cupid's owne princesse
And coming are to those meast of band?
Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
That have deipainted with your hevilyng hand,
This garden full of flours, as they stand?
What shall I think, alace! what reverence
Shall I mester unto your excellence?"

The "*King's Quhair*" is the only well-authenticated poem of this sovereign.

James the Fifth was wild and dissipated in his youth, and at that time wrote some immoral poems. "The *Gaberlunzie Man*," however, is much admired for its humour. The first stanza is thus given in *Percy's Relics*:

"The panky auld carle came ovr the lee,
Wi' mony good e'ens and days to mee,
Saying—Good wife, for zour courtesie,
Will ze lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down azout the ingle he sat,
My dochter's shoulders he gan to clap,
And cadgely ranted and sang."

He afterwards reformed, and composed a well-known ballad called "*Christ's Kirk on the Green*."

We come next to *Henry VIII.* of England, whose sensuality did not obscure a considerable portion both of talent and learning. As an author, he is chiefly known for his controversial treatises: nor is there any well ascertained poetical composition by him; but it would be an insult to his royal muse to suppose him obliged to seek foreign aid for the words of the following anthem, which he set to music:—

"O Lord, the maker of all things,
We pray thee now in this evening
Us to defend thro' thy mercy,
From all deceit of our enemies:
Let neither us deluded be,
Good Lord, with droom or fantasie.
Our hearts waking in thee thou keep,
That we in sin fall not on sleep.
O, Father, thro' thy blessed Son,
Grant us this our petition,

To whom with the Holy Ghost always
In heaven and earth be laud and praise."

Queen Elizabeth was a frequent votary of the Muses: and the following specimens make but a small part of the poems attributed to her. When in prison she thus bewails her fate:—

"Oh, Fortune, how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me and the joys I quit;
Thou causedest the guiltless to be loosed
From bonds wherein are innocents inclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be straits reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have thought."

She is said to have thus somewhat evasively expressed her creed on the point of transubstantiation:

"Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it,
And what that word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

Her successor, as well in pedantry and poetry as in the kingdom, *James the First*, was a most voluminous writer, both in prose and verse. Besides a great number of sonnets printed in his works and elsewhere, the following is affixed to Hudson's translation of Du Bartas's *Historie of Judith*, dedicated to the king, 1608:

"Since ye immortal sisters nine has left
All other countries lying farre or neere,
To follow him who from them all you rest,
And now has caused your residence be heere;
Who though a stranger yet he loved so deere
This realm and me, so as he spoilde his awne,
And all the brookes and banks, and fountains cleere
That be therein of you, as he hath shawne
In this his work: then let your breath be blawne,
In recompense of this his willing minde,
On me; that sine may with my pen be drawne
His praise. For though himselfe be not inclyned
Nor preaseth but to touch the laurer tree!
Yet well he merits crownd therewith to be."

His poems vary considerably in quality; the above is, perhaps, a fair specimen of their average merit.

The pious but unfortunate *Charles the First* has left one affecting token of his poetical talent. When imprisoned in Carisbrook Castle, he wrote "Majesty in Misery, or an Implanation to the King of Kings;" a poem which, whatever its literary merits may be, is extremely interesting on account of the pathetic truths it contains. It is too long for insertion entire, but the reader will be pleased with an extract:—

"Great monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings;
And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphic line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discoloured head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread."

Charles II., though he is said to have been the most educated of his line, has not, that we know of, left any compositions; and since his father's time, the Muses appear to have entirely deserted the throne of England. The following stanzas, however, may not be misplaced here:—

THE WORLD.

BY THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laugh'd and talk'd, and danc'd and sung;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dream'd not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.
But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occur'd, how sad 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me!"

There is one striking fact coinciding in nearly all the above instances, which seems to prove that it is solely from want of leisure and seclusion that we have so few royal bards. No less than five out of the nine monarchs mentioned, composed in prison. Cœur-de-Lion, Edward II., James I. of Scotland, Elizabeth, and Charles I., sought solace and amusement in their captivity by turning their thoughts to rhyme; and, the case of Elizabeth excepted, it is perhaps entirely owing to their imprisonment that we have even such of their effusions as are still extant. E. M.

THE GODDESS OF FREEDOM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERRANGER.
BY M. ARMSTRONG.

AND is it thou? and art thou still the same
Who once shone forth our brightest, loveliest star,
That day, when thousands hail'd thee by the name
Of HæR, whose standard waved above thy car?
The ardent glances, and the shouts of men,
With secret joy bade thy warm bosom rise;
Proud was thy look;—and, lady, thou wert then
A goddess to our eyes!
Around thy path a gothic ruin lay;
And near thee press'd the avengers of our wrongs;
Fair virgins strew'd, with flowers as fair, thy way,
And gave a sweetness to our battle songs.
I, luckless child, whom Fate had sought to smother
Beneath a load too great for one so weak,
Cried out aloud—"Oh, wilt thou be my mother,
Goddess of Freedom, speak!"
Inscribed in characters of dark-red hue
Are names well known in that dread space of time;
Too young to judge their guilt—I only knew
That love of country could not be a crime;
The cause of Freedom!—'twas the cause of truth—
Thousands were arm'd, for her to die or live.
Ah, give me back the trusting heart of youth—
Goddess of Freedom, give!
A quench'd volcano—soon our spirit fails;
France sleeps again ere twenty years are told—
And twice the stranger, bringing forth his scales,
Has said—"Ye Gauls, I come to weigh your gold."

When in thy youthful beauty's pride array'd,
We madly raised for thee a shrine that day—
Wert thou the semblance of a fleeting shade?
Goddess of Freedom, say?

I see you yet again—but see, alas,
Those eyes once bright with love, now dimm'd
by Time;

I mark remorseless hours, as they pass,
Stamp a new wrinkle on that brow sublime:
Yes, all is changed—hope, virtue, pride of heart,
Each nobler feeling in one ruin lies;
Gone is the love of country—and thou art
No goddess to our eyes!

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS ILLUSTRATED.

A SERIES of illustrations to illustrate *The Waverley Novels* has lately been commenced,

with very considerable success. In accordance with the popular plan, they are issued in Parts, monthly, each containing eight subjects, and sold at a price which places them within reach of every purchaser of the cheapest edition of the Novels. The subjects are engraved on wood, in the first style of the art; from original drawings by G. Cattermole, T. Landseer, T. Creswick, G. Balmer, R. Buss, J. Jarvis, G. F. Sargent, A. Chisholm, J. W. Archer, W. H. Prior, and S. Read. The Engravers of the three Parts, or twenty-four scenes, before us, are Messrs. Jackson and Whimper; and the Novels illustrated are, *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and *the Antiquary*: from the first we select this specimen.



"Edward Waverley departed from the Hall amid the blessings and tears of all the old domestics and the inhabitants of the village," &c.

This the reader will, doubtless, allow to be a very pleasing design, clearly and effectively engraved. Another successful illustration of *Waverley* is the chief piper of the chain Mac-Ivor, playing before his chieftain's quarters in full-blown style; cle-

verly designed by Buss, and engraved by Whimper.

The second specimen illustrates the celebrated cave-scene in *Guy Mannering*, which will linger in the mind's eye as long as the title itself.



"At the appointed signal, Bertram and Diamont sprung over the brushwood, and rushed upon Hatteraick."

This is likewise an illustration of vigorous execution, both in drawing and engraving.

"Dumple's" introduction to the stable, designed by T. Landseer, and engraved by Whimper, is another excellent scene.

In *The Antiquary* Illustrations the two most striking are character scenes by Buss—the old lady of the cavern hailed by the traveller—and Oldbuck calling for the sword of "the year forty-five;" save the drawing of the foremost figure.

Altogether, these are we come additions to our Pictorial novelties: as to their cheapness—"the force of numbers can no further go."

SUGAR.

LITTLE as we are disposed to enter into questions of political economy, which require long and laborious statements for their adjustment, we are disposed to think, with Mr. Macculloch, that the impolitic as well as oppressive effects of high duties on the consumption of an article are shewn in the case of sugar. The price of sugar, exclusive of the duty, may be taken, at an average of the last few years, at from 22s. to 35s.; and the duty is 24s. per cwt. The quantity of sugar consumed in Great Britain is, at present, allowing for the quantity

sent to Ireland, more than double what it was in 1790. But had the duty continued at 12s. 4d., its amount in 1790, there cannot, we think, be much doubt that the consumption would have been quadrupled. During the intervening period, the population has been little less than doubled; and the proportion which the middle classes now bear to the whole population has been decidedly augmented. The consumption of coffee—an article in the preparation of which a great deal of sugar is used in this country, by all who can afford it—is more than twenty-two times as great now as in 1790; that is, it has increased from under 1,000,000lbs. to above 22,000,000lbs. The consumption of tea has about doubled; but there has been a vast increase in the use of preserved and baked fruits, &c. Instead, therefore, of having done little more than increase proportionally to the increase of the population, it may be fairly presumed that the consumption of sugar would, had there not been some powerful counteracting cause in operation, have increased in a far greater degree. Instead of amounting to little more than 3,000,000, it ought to have amounted to 6,000,000 cwt.

Taking the aggregate consumption of sugar in Great Britain at 3,300,000 cwt., and the population at 16,000,000, the average consumption of each individual will be about 23lbs. This, though a far greater average than that of France, or any of the continental states, is small compared with what it might be were sugar supplied on a more liberal system. In workhouses, the customary annual allowance for each individual is, we believe, 34lbs.; and, in private families, the smallest separate allowance for domestics is 11lb. a week, or 52lbs. a year. These facts strongly corroborate what we have already stated as to the extent to which the consumption of sugar may be increased; and others may be referred to, that are, if possible, still more conclusive. Mr. Huskisson once stated in the House of Commons, that, “in consequence of the present enormous duty on sugar, the poor working-man with a large family, to whom pence were a serious consideration, was denied the use of that commodity; and he believed he did not go too far when he stated that two-thirds of the poorer consumers of coffee drank that beverage without sugar. If, then, the price of sugar were reduced, it would become an article of his consumption, like many other articles—woollens, for example, which are now used from their cheapness—which he was formerly unable to purchase.” There are no grounds for thinking that this statement is in any degree exaggerated; and it strikingly shews the very great extent to which the consumption of sugar might be in-

creased, were it brought fully under the command of the labouring classes.*

In an excellent paper in the *Companion to the Almanac*, 1841, we find “the consumption of sugar in Great Britain estimated at rather more than 29lbs. annually for each individual. Families in the middle classes, occupying situations as clerks, &c., with incomes of £150 or £200 a-year, consume annually from 150lbs. to 200lbs. When the price was much lower than it is at present, the weekly consumption of sugar in the family of an agricultural labourer was stated before a Committee on the Poor Law Amendment Act at half a pound, while others in less favourable circumstances purchase so small a quantity as one pennyworth weekly. Mr. Montgomery Martin says, that the consumption per head for each individual ‘ought to be’ 16oz. per week; and this is the allowance which he makes to a household servant. In New South Wales, the government allowance to assigned convicts is 2lbs. of sugar per week. Mr. McGregor estimates the daily consumption, in Paris and Vienna, of persons who take tea or coffee twice a day, at 2½ ounces per head. Dr. Bowring gives the annual consumption of the population in the States of the German leagues at 3½lbs. per head; and in France the consumption is perhaps, nearly 5lbs. per head. The annual average consumption per head on the continent of Europe is about 2½lbs. per head. We give these various estimates for the purpose of shewing the universal desire which exists for sugar, and that price alone is the chief limit to an almost indefinite consumption.”

Upon reference to a Table laid by Mr. Porter before the Parliamentary Committee on Import Duties, we find a considerable falling off in the consumption of sugar per head in Great Britain, in the year 1839; occasioned by two causes—the high price of bread, and the increased price of sugar. In 1840, the price rose still higher, and in October, it was higher than it had been in any corresponding period since 1817; and this advance brought the price to the war-price of 1815, allowance being made for the depreciated currency of that period. Again, the highest average price was in those months when, under ordinary circumstances, the demand for sugar for preserving fruits would have materially increased the consumption; but the reverse occurred, notwithstanding fruit was unusually abundant and great quantities were, consequently, lost.

Notwithstanding that England consumes about one-fifth of all the sugar produced in the world, our demand is principally limited

* Abridged from Macculloch's Dictionary of Commerce; art. *Sugar*. Edit. 1832.

to our West India colonies. It is true that the duty on sugar imported from the East Indies was, in 1836, reduced to the rate of that upon West Indian sugar: still, the quantity imported from British India does not amount to more than an eighth of the quantity we actually consume, although the importation of 1839 was nearly equal to that of the two preceding years. By a narrow interpretation of the act equalizing the duty on East India sugar, the term "British possessions" is not applied to many parts of India subject to the authority of British government, but their produce is charged with the same rates of duty as are applicable to the produce of foreign countries. Thus, the sugar-planters of the British West Indies have, practically, a monopoly of the home market. Meanwhile, we perfectly agree with an acute political economist, that "the full and liberal indemnity which the West India planter has been awarded out of the public exchequer, for the late depreciation of his property, under various circumstances, has completely annulled all his pretensions to the exclusive monopoly of the British market against other colonial interests."^{*}

The quality of East Indian sugar has been called into question. It appears that in the year 1792, from the limited supply and high price of West Indian sugar, the attention of the East India Company was drawn to the importation of sugar from the East Indies; and numerous attempts were made to improve its culture, so as to bring it into competition with West-Indian sugar. Still, the quality remained very inferior, and till latterly, it was believed that India could not supply good sugar: of late, however, sugar has been brought from thence of a very superior quality, which Mr. Travers, the eminent wholesale grocer, reports to be of good grain, desirable complexion, and likely to find a ready market in this country.

The policy of the admission of foreign sugar, on the ground that we should be encouraging slave-labour, for the abolition of which we have made such enormous sacrifices—has been so recently debated in parliament, that we need thus only advert to it. The whole question is of immense importance to the masses of the people, to whom sugar has become almost one of the necessities of life; for, "though not absolutely essential as an article of food, no diminution in the power of commanding a supply could take place, without being felt as detracting most materially from the standard of comfort which fortunately prevails in this country."

In illustration of the truth of this state-

ment we may quote the following very interesting facts in proof of the economical value of sugar, from Mr. Montgomery Martin's *History of the British Colonies*, vol. ii., West Indies:—

"Not only do the inhabitants of every part of the globe delight in sugar, when obtainable, but all animated beings—the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, insects, reptiles, and even fish—have an exquisite enjoyment in the consumption of sweets, and a distaste to the contrary; in fact, sugar is the alimentary ingredient of every vegetable substance encumbered with greater or less proportion of bulky innutritious matter. A small quantity of sugar will sustain life, and enable the animal frame to undergo corporeal (I may add *mental*, from personal experience,) fatigue better than any other substance. Often have I travelled with the Arab over the burning desert, or with the wild Afric through his romantic country, and when wearied with fatigue and a noon-tide sun, we have set ourselves beneath an umbrageous canopy, and I have shared with my companion his travelling provender, a few small balls of sugar mixed with spices, and hardened into a paste with flour. Invariably have I found two or three of these balls, and a draught of water, the best possible restorative, and even a stimulus to renewed exertion.

"During crop-time in the West Indies, the negroes, although then hard worked, become fat, healthy, and cheerful, and the horses, mules, cattle, &c., on the estate partaking of the refuse of the sugar-house, renew their plumpness and strength. In Cochin-China, not only are the horses, buffaloes, elephants, &c., all fattened with sugar, but the body-guard of the king are allowed a sum of money daily with which they must buy sugar-canes, and eat a certain quantity thereof in order to preserve their good looks and *embonpoint*; there are about five hundred of these household troops, and their handsome appearance does honour to their food and to their royal master. Indeed, in Cochin-China, rice and sugar is the ordinary breakfast of people of all ages and stations; and the people not only preserve all their fruits in sugar, but even the greater part of their leguminous vegetables, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, artichokes, the grain of the lotus, and the thick fleshy leaves of the aloes. I have eaten in India, after a six months' voyage, mutton killed in Lendenhall market, preserved in a cask of sugar, and as fresh as the day it was placed on the shambles. [In the curing of meat I believe a portion of sugar is mixed with salt and saltpetre.] The Kandians of Ceylon preserve their venison in earthen pots of honey, and after being thus kept two or three years its flavour would delight Epicurus himself.

^{*} Domestic and Financial Condition of Great Britain. By G. Browning, p. 571.

"In tropical climates, the fresh juice of the cane is the most efficient remedy for various diseases, while its healing virtues are felt when applied to ulcers and sores. Sir John Pringle says, the plague was never known to visit any country where sugar composes a material part of the diet of the inhabitants. Drs. Rush, Cullen, and other eminent physicians, are of opinion that the frequency of malignant fevers of all kinds is lessened by the use of sugar; in disorders of the breast it forms an excellent demulcent, as also in weaknesses and acrid defluxions in other parts of the body. Dr. Franklin found great relief from the sickening pain of the stone by drinking half-a-pint of syrup of coarse brown sugar before bedtime, which he declared gave as much, if not more relief, than a dose of opium. That dreadful malady, once so prevalent on shipboard—scurvy—has been completely and instantaneously stopped, by putting the afflicted on a sugar diet. The diseases arising from worms, to which children are subject, are prevented by the use of sugar, the love of which seems implanted by nature in them. As to the unfounded assertion of its injuring the teeth, let those who make it visit the sugar plantations and look at the negroes and their children, whose teeth are daily employed in the mastication of sugar, and they will be convinced of the absurdity of the statement. I might add many other facts relative to this delightful nutriment. I conclude, however, with observing, that I have tamed the most savage and vicious horses with sugar, and have seen the most ferocious animals domesticated by means of feeding them with an article which our baneful fiscal restrictions and erroneous commercial policy has checked the use of in England where millions pine, sicken, and perish for want of nutriment."

THE FIRST SORROW.

THE sun shone through the 'scutcheon'd panes
Of a baronial hall,
And stung their many-colour'd stains
Upon the pictured wall,

Where in a stately room were seen,
On tiptoe stealing through,
Two little forms, in tunics green,
With eyes of heavenly blue.

"Oh! brother! brother! run and see,—
Look at our sleepy bird—
Its fellows sing on every tree,
But yet it has not stir'd."

"Come, idle Dick, lift up your head,
The sun has long been up,
We've come to give you crumbled bread,
And fill your crystal cup;

"And then you'll sing that pretty song,
You sang to us last night—
To slumber now is very wrong,
The morning is so bright.

"What! sir? you will not ope your eye,
Or raise your heavy head!

Oh! lie for shame! when we are by"—
"Hush! brother—it is dead!"

"Dead! Willoughby? what made it die?
I've seen dead wither'd flowers—
They were all ugly, black, and dry,
Not like this bird of ours.

"It only sleeps—I'm sure 'twill wake;
I'll take it in my hand,
And move its little wings and make
Our idle Dicky stand."

His brother oped the gilded cage,
With deep and heaving breath—
Dread, awful word to youth or age,
He felt that there was DEATH.

And then they sat them down and wept,
As they ne'er wept before—
For ah! they somehow knew it slept
To wake again no more.

Their little breasts, ere while so glad,
So full of buoyant glee,
Now fill'd with grief, forlorn, and sad,
They throbb'd convulsively.

"My darling boys!—why thus distress'd?"
Soft spake a lady fair—
They rush'd to clasp that mother's breast,
And breathe their sorrows there.

And then she wiped their scalding tears,
And calm'd their bitter grief,
They mark'd her words with earnest ears,
And childhood's pure belief.

The while she told of happy lands
Where DEATH shall never come,
Where angels walk in radiant bands,
With saints—a countless sum.

Their tears stood trembling on the lid,
Their heavy sobs were stay'd,
Their faces on her lap they hid,
And hand in hand they pray'd.

Then little Baldwin raised his head,
Bright waved his shining hair—
"And will our pretty bird," he said,
"Go with us, too, up there?"

REINHELM.

OLD AGE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

GIVE me old age! If there is any part of this life touching on happiness above the reach of fortune, it is that interval of calmness which precedes its close. Youth and boyhood also enjoy a certain charm, but it is as fleeting as the tender hues of the rainbow. Manhood is conscious of a wilder, fiercer pleasure, but false as the promises of the fiends to Macbeth. Only old age rests. It sits like a spectator of the tumultuous, mysterious scenes from which it has nothing to fear or to hope. What can harm it further? What influence on it have the circumstances of this existence? With the peasant's "clouted shoon," or the beggar's staff, it may stand superior in the presence of a king. Those white hairs—that wrinkled face—that stooping form—that tottering forehead—are the last costume of the earth. Lo! he standeth at the gate of eternity, about to enter. What to him are the "jack-o-lanterns" with which the children around him are playing? Even over the fairest group—love with glowing cheek,

and happy as if its deep tender dream were to last for ever—opulence, vainly striving to make a heaven of earth—ambition, pride, rank, power, fame, even in the success of their pursuits, he regards as children playing with bubbles.

But for those, the great majority—who do not even succeed in accomplishing their poor purposes—yet, in the endeavour throw away all the bright gifts which were intended to help them into “another and a better world”—how doth old age turn from these as from vicious wrangling boys, who are to be punished by their great master when called on to read their lessons.

There are people who are *ashamed* of their age—who conceal it—blush, equivocate, and lie if need be, rather than acknowledge themselves as old as they are. Is not this inconceivable? In the first place, were it desirable to falsify our nature—to deny our position—to ape the manner of a youth which has fled, and to recoil from the influences of an age, which not all the painting and padding, the washing and hair-colouring in the world can put back—the very certainty of detection should be enough to prevent it. How compares an old fool, with his form and face, a patched-up piece of equivocation, concealing, under artful inventions, what God in his wisdom has made him, and what he intended should be a grace—how compares such a small-minded, mistaken bean, with the old man who out of his very age makes a venerable beauty, beside which even the attractions of youth are eclipsed. Think of Lear in a brown wig! Think of Themistocles and Socrates, think of Abraham, Jacob, and Moses, patching and padding their bodies to disguise the hoary majesty of years.

But it is not possible to conceal age. It betrays itself in spite of the subtlest toilette.

“Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age?”

You cannot alter the “moist eye” and the “dry hand,” the “decreasing leg” and the “broken voice.” The attempt brings failure and ridicule, for the greatness and glory of age is in its humble pride in itself, and its solemn consciousness of its nearness to its Maker.

I have never found the world such a pleasant abiding-place as to make me ashamed of the progress I make through it; and although I have much to cheer me on the way, I behold this journey of a day advancing—the sun already passed his meridian, and declining towards the west—the shadows lengthening, and the scenes around altering—I behold these ominous and beautiful signs with peaceful satisfaction. I behold in my own body and mind the marks of time—the tracks of years, (which sometimes struck deep with fiery

foot and left a scathe ineffaceable, but ever growing less painful,)—I behold these visible changes with a quiet heart, and even a conscious pleasure. Go, boyhood! fair morning flower! go! Thou hast done thy mission, thou hast opened thy light-tinted leaves and breathed thy perfume on the air; I saw thee fade with a sigh, but I would not have recalled thee for the world. Go, manhood! I behold thee passing away also, with still less regret! As the noon-tide sun, thou hast shone through clouds all too wild and unsettled. But old age, in whatever form it come, whether stormy, or with calm and mellow radiance, I greet thee. Why do I greet thee? Because thou bringest repose, which I have never tasted—tranquillity, which has been through my pilgrimage like the sand-lake to the thirsty traveller over the desert. It seems to me that whatever vivid transports may be awakened by *action*, there is something in quiet of a higher, more divine nature—and who but the aged *rest*?

For many years one of my dreams has been a peaceful old age. I care not how white my hair, how bent my form, nor what seals Time—the old father of the earth—impresses on me, nor how conspicuous he makes my load of years—“the silvery livery of advised old age”—so long as vice and intemperance bring none of their consequences. For he must not hope for old age who has not lived so as to make it what our benevolent Creator intended it should be. It must be the age of old Adam:

“Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.”

In old age as it *should* be, and as it *might* be, (and surely some of us poor mistaken mortals are reserved for this highest of earthly happiness,) if the body is feeble the mind is right. It has learned to estimate accurately the objects of earth. It is no longer deceived and misled by appearances. It has nothing more to hope or to fear from man or from mortality. It has no laborious profession to gain, no fortune to amass, no friends to make, no future prospects to tremble about. It looks back with ease over a path however rough. The misfortunes that once scorched now shew only like a fire in the distance, or a wreck to one on shore. Its habits are fixed. Its path is certain. It has done with all of the earth except its mildest pleasures. It enjoys the gratifications of richly-stored memory and matured knowledge. It is not called forth again into the turmoil of society. It is no longer a conscript soldier, nor a fireman, nor a juror. Its heart is not disturbed by

ambition or apprehension. It has learned how to take care of itself with the least possible expense and trouble. A little food, a little water, an humble and a simple dwelling, fresh air and books, are all it wants while waiting its summons from the Creator.

"Blest is the man, as far as earth can bless,
Whose measured passions reach no wild excess;
Who, urged by nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,
Nor other means than nature's force employs;
While warm with youth the sprightly current flows,
Each vivid sense with vigorous rapture glows,
And when he droops beneath the hand of age,
No vicious habit stings with fruitless rage;
Gradual his strength and gay sensations cease,
While joys tumultuous sink in silent peace."

To the unhappy—who and who is not so that thinks and feels?—age is a solace. It deadens the stings of disappointment, and dissipates the illusions of imagination. It teaches to distinguish between the false and the true, both in the moral and physical world. We learn to know and value more highly our friends, and to detect our enemies without *hating* them. Hatred cannot live in the breast of a lone, good old man. He may shrink from the bad, but he will not *hate* them any more than he does fire or a serpent. Age acts on the mind and heart as it does on wine or a painting. It mellows, softens, enriches. The acrid particles escape. The *earthliness* evaporates. The essence and spirit remain purified and hallowed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NELSON'S COCKSWAIN.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the newspapers stating that Sykes, Nelson's cockswain, died on the 15th of May last, at Greenwich. This appears to be altogether untrue, and a Correspondent has favoured us with the following:—

John Sykes was born at Kirton, in Lincolnshire, about 1770. At twenty-three years of age he entered as an able-bodied seaman on board the *Agamemnon*, Captain Nelson, on the 12th of April, 1793, and in July following was rated ship's corporal, (a first-class petty officer's rating, which carried with it good pay, &c., and often bestowed on the best man in the ship.) While Sykes remained in the *Agamemnon* he held this rating, and on the 10th of June, 1796, removed to the "Captain," 74-gun ship, to the command of which Nelson had been appointed. That Sykes was with his great leader on the 14th February, 1797, is well known, and that he was by the side of Nelson when he received the swords of the Spanish officers on the deck of the *San Nicolas*, will be familiar to all readers of Lord Nelson's Life. [Vide Nelson's letter to the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.)

in Nelson's Life, by "the Old Sailor," page 159.]

When Nelson removed into the *Theseus*, Sykes continued to follow him, and on the 3rd of July in the same year, when boarding the Spanish admiral's launch, close to the walls of Cadiz, he saved the hero's life at the expense of a severe wound on his own arm; the effects of this wound probably caused the absence of Sykes on the 25th of the same month, when Nelson lost his arm at Santa Cruz. This is *inferred* from the circumstance that the name of Sykes on that occasion was not mentioned.

On the 25th of October, 1797, Sykes received a warrant as gunner of the *Andromache*, a 32-gun frigate, Captain C. J. N. Mansfield. While cruising off Gibraltar in this ship, on the 1st of May, 1798, she chased an American brig, at which four guns were fired before the brig would bring to; one of these guns unfortunately burst, mortally wounding Mr. Sykes, and Samuel Price, his mate, and badly wounding three other men. Samuel Price died at 11 A.M. on the same day, but Sykes lingered till 2 A.M. on the third, when he died, and his body was committed to the deep off Cadiz on the afternoon of the same day. The above particulars are gleaned from official documents. Had Sykes lived, there is little doubt that he would have been at this time a post-captain, and from all we can learn of his gentlemanly manners, (of which his few remaining shipmates speak in respectful terms,) small doubt can be entertained that his valour would have placed him in a sphere which he could not but grace. But his career was cut short when his greatness (at the early age of twenty-eight) was yet "a ripening"—and those honours which he assisted his intrepid leader in reaping availed him not.) True it is that Nelson, speaking of his "brave Lincoln friend," said that nature had certainly designed him for a gentleman, and *had he lived long enough*, he would have asked for a lieutenantcy for him, but he did not live long enough to profit by the gratitude of his commander.

The recently deceased Sykes, who died at Greenwich, not in the Hospital, nor an out-pensioner, we have learned from the best authority, never was at *any time* in the king's service: so that the whole former account, meagre as it is, is beyond a doubt the fabrication of some unhappy penny-a-liner, who, to get a shilling, and cast a slur on the gratitude of the country to its naval defenders, has set up an imposture that the humble fishmonger of Greenwich would have blushed to countenance.—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with only a single thread.—Burton.

THE SUICIDE.

HERMAN GOLTZ passed many years in anatomical examination of that delicate viscus, the dead brain, endeavouring to discover some coincidence between its marvellous structure and its important uses. Exhausted by sudden alternations of hope and disappointment, the fabric of his understanding gave way: in a moment of despair he hanged himself in his dissecting-room, and was nearly devoured by rats before his loss was discovered and his fate deplored. Before he accomplished his last resolve, he wrote on a slip of paper words to the following effect:—

Full twenty years of unavailing care
Have left me nothing but a blank despair!
Dim are these eyes, which erst here wont to pry,
In nature's deep and dark obscurity;
Nerveless this hand, which once so well could feel
The knife and scalpel's fine and polish'd steel.
Confin'd in this deep charnelhouse away,
My time I've spent from the light, cheerful day;
No friend to counsel me—no woman's smile
Did ever my drear loneliness beguile;
Society's sweet charm—delights of wine—
A smiling family—were never mine.
A poor lone student, from the world estranged,
I all for science every joy exchanged.
No maid may ever my false vows reprove,
Or charge me with the stain of guilty love;
No child may curse me as the hated sire
Who gave him life. Lost, lost to me desire,
To live is useless—yet I stand aghast,
Dread the dark future, and deplore the past.
Lonely I venture through the awful gloom,
And unlamented seek the silent tomb!

Ω.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

WORKS OF ART, ETC.

THERE has just been printed the Report (with Minutes of Evidence) of the Committee appointed by the House of Commons, on the 6th of April last, "to inquire into the present state of the National Monuments and Works of Art in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and other public edifices, to consider the best means for their protection, and for affording facilities to the public for their inspection, as a means of the moral and intellectual improvement of the people." Of this very interesting document the following is a brief analysis:—

British Museum.—The experiment of admitting the public on the annual holidays has proved very satisfactory. Sir Henry Ellis states that from 16,000 to 32,000 persons have passed through the rooms in a single day, without any accident or mischief. The exclusion of children under eight years of age has caused considerable inconvenience and disappointment, and prevented many persons from visiting the Museum. The Committee suggest the opening of the Museum to the public on the private days; and the discontinuance of the rule requiring visitors to enter their names in a book.

The National Gallery presents a still more

gratifying instance of success; men, women, and children being admitted without distinction. The number of visitors has increased from 125,000 in 1837, to 397,649 in 1838; and in 1840, to upwards of 500,000. The rooms require ventilation.

The Tower.—The annual number of visitors to the Armory has risen from 10,200 in 1836, at 2s. fee each, to 40,000 in 1838, at 1s.; to 84,000 in 1839, at 6d.; and in 1840, to 94,973, (exclusive of 3,184 by orders from the officers,) producing £2,374 at 6d. each. The Committee very properly animadvert upon the present hurried mode of exhibiting the Armory to visitors, and of the detention of the latter in a room until a warder can be found to accompany them.

Hampton-Court Palace has not been, in any respect, injured by the free admission of the public.

Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's Cathedral.—The Committee apprehend, that the monuments in these edifices would not be endangered by the public being, under certain regulations, gratuitously admitted to inspect them. The serious injury that has been in past times done to the monuments in Westminster Abbey is believed to have arisen from the erection, on certain public occasions, of galleries, &c., within the Abbey; and not from the mischievous disposition of the people at large. Although the Committee strongly deprecate any course which would create an impression that churches were at any time to be considered merely in the light of places for the exhibition of works of art, they are of opinion that the free admission of the public to religious edifices might be conducive to the acquirement of historical knowledge, and the strengthening of religious impressions. The extortionate charges which are made by the attendants at various places, especially St. Paul's Cathedral, ought certainly to be lowered, if not altogether abolished. At present, (we believe), a person wishing to go all over St. Paul's, and to ascend to the various galleries, must pay about 2s. or 2s. 6d.

The Committee hope that arrangements may be made by the cathedral authorities to allow the larger portions of Westminster Abbey and of St. Paul's, and other cathedrals through the country, to be opened freely to the public daily, and especially on Sundays; though it may be requisite to continue a small reduced fee, or other sufficient restriction, in regard to the chapels and smaller or more intricate portions of those edifices. And if this increased facility of admission should lead, as it probably must, to an additional number of officers employed in their superintendence, such extra expense ought to be defrayed from other funds than those belonging to the cathedrals.—*Abridged from the Times.*

The Gatherer.

London Charity.—The Stranger's Friend Society distribute annually about £2500 among the distressed and sick in their own habitations, in and about the City of London.

A Failure.—It appears that the library of the Corporation of London has lately been opened in the evening, by order of the Court of Common Council, during which time no more than six members have made their appearance in the rooms! This is by no means creditable to "the collective wisdom" of the City, and the "diffusion-of-knowledge" clique, with whom the experiment originated. It has cost the City £55 6s. 6d., or about £9 4s. per member; so that the Court have prudently ordered the practice to be discontinued; it being a more expensive hobby than swan-upping, Courts of Conservancy, "Maria Wood," or whitebait.

Munificent Bequest.—The late Mr. Barber Beaumont commenced a philosophical institution, which, by a codicil to his will, dated May 28, 1840, he has endowed with £13,000, as follows: To establish a philosophical institution in Beaumont-square, Mile-end, for the mental and moral improvement of the inhabitants of the said square and the surrounding neighbourhood, in their intervals of business, and freed from the baneful excitement of intoxicating liquors, and also the general cultivation of the general principles of practical theology and the wisdom of God, leaving to the different churches and sects the cultivation and pursuit of their peculiar tenets, and also for the purpose of affording them intellectual improvement, and rational recreation and amusement.

Fate of a Genteel Highwayman.—My friend * * * * lost, in one evening, his ALL at a gaming-table, in London. It was then a sort of fashion among the desperate to play the part of highwaymen on Finchley and Wimbledon Commons, or on Hounslow Heath. Phormio betook himself to this occupation at the hazard of life or death. He had a father, who still loved him, in spite of his unceasing efforts to break his heart; for, indeed, bating the diabolical habits of gambling, Phormio was among those who had the sweetest of tempers, the most cultivated of understandings, the most winning of manners, and most generous of hearts! On one dark and tempestuous evening of winter, Phormio was on horseback with two loaded pistols in his holsters;—the noise of a post-chaise was getting nearer and nearer;—on its approach, the travellers were roughly told to "stop and to deliver their monies." But the

travellers were also armed, (a very common practice in those days,) and one of them discharging his pistol, shot my friend through the heart. It was the hand of his "father that drew the trigger!"—*Dibdin's Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 114.

Beer versus Scurvy.—During their severe service on the west coast of Africa, the crew of the *Ætna* suffered so much from scurvy, that the least scratch had a tendency to become a dangerous wound. Capt. Belcher tells us that "fish diet was found to aggravate this; and it is worthy of remark, that when our ships used to suffer so much from scurvy, stock-fish was a portion of their allowance. The only thing which appeared materially to check the disease, was beer, made of the essence of malt and hops; and I feel satisfied, that a general issue of this on the coast of Africa would be very salutary, and have the effect especially of keeping up the constitutions of men subjected to heavy labour in boats. The fresh-meat diet, which our crew obtained afterwards at the Gambia, was of much less obvious benefit than was expected."—*Journal of the Geographical Society*, vol. ii. p. 286.

Electricity of Railways.—Mr. E. Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, has always considered the generation of heat to resemble, in a striking manner, the generation of electricity by the common electrifying machine; and some experiments made within Mr. Stephenson's own knowledge lead to the opinion that all bearings of machinery put electricity in motion, and consequently render it probable that machinery kept in motion is not so liable to oxidize as when left in a state of rest. Thus, the rails of a railway do not rust, but, if a rail be lain down near the railway, and be not worked, it will speedily rust, whilst the rails worked exhibit no such effect—and this Mr. Stephenson believes to depend upon the electricity being set in motion by the journeys of the carriages. If this view be at all correct, we may look upon every railway carriage as a species of electrifying machine.

Shakspeare has never broken down the distinction, as other writers have done, between what is worthy to be loved and imitated, and what to be pitied and shunned. We have no moral monsters in *Shakspeare*, no generous housebreakers, no philanthropic murderers. We see men as they are; but we see them also with a clearness that it would be vain to expect from our own unassisted vision.—*Charles Knight's Shakspeare and his Writings*.

Newcastle is shewn, by recent statements, to be, in export business, unequalled by any port in the United Kingdom, that of London only excepted.

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HUNGERFORD AND LAMBETH SUSPENSION BRIDGE.